

557
V E R S E S

ON THE

D E A T H

OF

Dr. S---, D.S.P.D.

K. Swift (J.)

OCCASIONED

By reading a Maxim in *Roche fouldcault*.

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons
quelque chose, qui ne nous déplait pas.*

In the Adversity of our best Friends, we find
something that doth not displease us.

Written by Himself, *November 1731.*

L O N D O N Printed:

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M,DCC,XXXII.

VERSES

ON THE

ODD AT H

Dr. J. D. S. P. D.



Proceeding in the Court of the Admiralty

On the 1st day of the month of January 1791
The Court of the Admiralty was convened

In the Admiralty of the said British
Court of the Admiralty was convened

Witness by the Court, the said

LONDON

Printed by the Court of the Admiralty

1791

The PUBLISHER'S Advertisement.

The following Poem was printed and published in London, with great Success. We are informed by the supposed Author's Friends, that many Lines and Notes are omitted in the English Edition; therefore we hope, that such Persons who have seen the Original Manuscript, will help us to procure those Omissions, and correct any Things that may be amiss, and the Favour shall be gratefully acknowledged.

The PUBLISHERS

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Verſes on the Death of the Rev. Doctor

S---, &c.



S Rochefoucault his Maxims drew
From Nature, I believe 'em true;
They argue no corrupted Mind
In him; the Fault is in Mankind;

THIS Maxim more than all the reſt
Is thought too baſe for human Breſt;

" In all Distresses of our Friends
 " We first consult our private Ends;
 " While Nature kindly bent to ease us,
 " Points out some Circumstance to please us.

If this perhaps your Patience move
 Let Reason and Experience prove.

We all behold with envious Eyes,
 Our *Equal* rais'd above our *Size*;
 Who wou'd not at a crowded Show,
 Stand high himself, keeps others low?
 I love my Friend as well as you,
 But would not have him stop my View;
 Then let me have the higher Post;
 I ask but for an Inch at most.

If in a Battle you should find,
 One, whom you love of all Mankind,
 Had some heroick Action done,
 A Champion kill'd, or Trophy won;
 Rather than thus be over-topt,
 Would you not wish his Lawrels cropt?

DEAR

DEAR honest *Ned* is in the Gout,
Lies rackt with Pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the Case is not your own!

WHAT Poet would not grieve to see,
His Brethren write as well as he?
But rather than they should excel,
He'd wish his Rivals all in Hell.

HER End when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, Stings and Hisses:
The strongest Friendship yields to Pride,
Unless the Odds be on our Side.

VAIN human Kind! Fantastick Race!
Thy various Follies, who can trace?
Self-love, Ambition, Envy, Pride,
Their Empire in our Hearts divide:
Give others Riches, Power, and Station,
'Tis all on me an Usurpation.

I have

I have no Title to aspire;
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher;
 In POPE, I cannot read a Line,
 But with a Sigh, I wish it mine:
 When he can in one Couplet fix
 More Sense than I can do in Six:
 It gives me such a jealous Fit,
 I cry, Pox take him, and his Wit!

WHY must I be outdone by GAY,
 In my own hum'rous biting Way?

ARBUTHNOT is no more my Friend,
 Who dares to Irony pretend;
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Refin'd it first, and shew'd its Use.

ST. JOHN, as well as PULTNEY knows,
 That I had some Repute for Prose;
 And till they drove me out of Date,
 Could maul a Minister of State:
 If they have mortify'd my Pride,
 And made me throw my Pen aside;

If with such Talents Heav'n hath blest 'em
Have I not Reason to detest 'em?

To all my Foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy Gifts, but never to my Friend;
I tamely can endure the first,
But, this with Envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of Proem;
Proceed we therefore to our Poem.

THE Time is not remote, when I
Must by the Course of Nature dye:
When I foresee my special Friends,
Will try to find their private Ends:
Tho' it is hardly understood,
Which way my Death can do them good;
Yet, thus methinks, I hear 'em speak;
See, how the Dean begins to break:

B

Poor

Poor Gentleman, he droops apace,
 You plainly find it in his Face :
 That old Vertigo in his Head,
 Will never leave him, till he's dead :
 Besides, his Memory decays,
 He recollects not what he says ;
 He cannot call his Friends to Mind ;
 Forgets the Place where last he din'd :
 Plyes you with Stories o'er and o'er,
 He told them fifty Times before.
 How does he fancy we can fit,
 To hear his out-of-fashion'd Wit ?
 But he takes up with younger Fokes,
 Who for his Wine will bear his Jokes :
 Faith, he must make his Stories shorter,
 Or change his Comrades once a Quarter :
 In half the Time, he talks them round ;
 There must another Sett be found.

For Poetry, he's past his Prime,
 He takes an Hour to find a Rhime :

His Fire is out, his Wit decay'd,
 His Fancy sunk, his Muse a Jade,
 I'd have him throw away his Pen;
 But there's no talking to some Men.

AND, then their Tenderness appears,
 By adding largely to my Years:

“ He's older than he would be reckon'd,

“ And well remembers *Charles* the Second,

“ HE hardly drinks a Pint of Wine;

“ And that, I doubt, is no good Sign.

“ His Stomach too begins to fail;

“ Last Year we thought him strong and hale;

“ But now, he's quite another Thing;

“ I wish he may hold out till Spring.

THEN hug themselves, and reason thus;

“ It is not yet so bad with us.”

IN such a Case they talk in Tropes,
 And, by their Fears express their Hopes,
 Some great Misfortune to portend,
 No Enemy can match a Friend.
 With all the Kindness they profess,
 The Merit of a lucky Guess
 (When daily Howd'y's come of Course,
 And Servants answer, *Worse and Worse*)
 Wou'd please 'em better than to tell,
 That, God be prais'd, the Dean is well,
 Then he who prophecy'd the best,
 Approves his Foresight to the rest:
 " You know, I always fear'd the worst;
 " And often told you so at first:
 He'd rather chuse, that I should dye,
 Than his Prediction prove a Lye.
 Not one foretels I shall recover;
 But, all agree, to give me over,

YET

YET shou'd some Neighbour feel a Pain,
 Just in the Parts, where I complain;
 How many a Message would he send?
 What hearty Prayers that I should mend?
 Enquire what Regimen I kept;
 What gave me Ease, and how I slept?
 And more lament, when I was dead,
 Than all the Sniv'lers round my Bed.

My good Companions, never fear,
 For though you may mistake a Year;
 Though your Prognosticks run too fast,
 They must be verifi'd at last.

“ BEHOLD the fatal Day arrive!
 “ How is the Dean? He's just alive.
 “ Now the departing Prayer is read:
 “ He hardly breathes. The Dean is dead,
 “ Before the Passing-Bell begun,
 “ The News thro' half the Town has run.

“ O,

- “ O, may we all for Death prepare !
 “ What has he left ? And who’s his Heir ?
 “ I know no more than what the News is,
 “ ’Tis all bequeath’d to publick Uses.
 “ To publick Use ! A perfect Whim !
 “ What had the Publick done for him !
 “ Meer Envy, Avarice, and Pride !
 “ He gave it all : — But first he dy’d.
 “ And had the Dean, in all the Nation,
 “ No worthy Friend, no poor Relation ?
 “ So ready to do Strangers good,
 “ Forgetting his own Flesh and Blood ?

Now Grub-Street Wits are all employ’d,
 With Elegies, the Town is cloy’d :
 Some Paragraph in ev’ry Paper,
 (1) To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier,

THE

(1) The Author supposes, that the Scriblers of
 the prevailing Party, which he always opposed, will
 libel

THE Doctors tender of their Fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the Blame:
 " We must confess his Case was nice;
 " But he would never take Advice:
 " Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
 " He might have liv'd these Twenty Years;
 " For when we open'd him we found,
 " That all his vital Parts were found.

FROM *Dublin* soon to *London* spread,
 (1) 'Tis told at Court, the Dean is dead.

(1) KIND

libel him after his Death; but that others, who remember the Service he had done to Ireland, under the Name of M. B. Drapier, by utterly defeating the destructive Project of Wood's Half-pence, in five Letters to the People of Ireland, at that Time read universally, and convincing every Reader, will remember him with Gratitude.

(1) *The Dean supposeth himself to dye in Ireland.*

(1) *KIND Lady Suffolk in the Spleen,*
Runs laughing up to tell the * * *
The * * *so Gracious, Mild, and Good,*
Cries, " Is he gone? 'Tis time he shou'd.

" He's
"
"
"
"
 (1) *Mrs Howard, afterwards Countess of*
Suffolk, then of the Bed-chamber to the Queen,
professed much Favour for the Dean. The Queen
then Princess, sent a dozen times to the Dean (then
in London) with her Command to attend her; which
at last he did, by Advice of all his Friends.
She often sent for him afterwards, and always
treated him very Graciously. He taxed her with
a Present worth Ten Pounds, which she promised
before he should return to Ireland, but on his
taking Leave, the Medals were not ready.

"He's dead you say; how dead is he?"

(1) "I'm glad you forgot." (1)

"I promis'd when?"

"I only then;"

"But now as Confort of

"You know 'tis quite a different Thing.

Fortune told us England and Scotland: the day

a way of improving himself into an Minister

and the change of his Fortune: he is since dead, but this Poem will give

for the same and time it was writ in.)

Why

(1) The Medals were to be sent to the Dean in

four Months, but

(1) Sir Robert Walpole, Chief Minister of State,

waited the Dean in 1711 with a Diploma

invited him to Dinner at Chelsea, with the Dean's

friends, and on purpose to surprise him with a

talk with him of Ireland, to which King James was

Protestant the Dean found him very ready: for

he desired Walpole to bring of his Poem, &c. The

Dean would be silent no more; and upon the

Dean's return to England, Sir Robert on an

(2) Chartres is a most infamous, vile Scoundrel,

grown from a Foot-Boy, or worse, to a prodigious

Fortune

“ Why, is he dead without his Shoes? ”

(1) (Cries B*) “ I’m Sorry for the News; ”

Oh,

Fortune both in England and Scotland: He had a Way of insinuating himself into all Ministers under every Change, either as Pimp, Flatterer, or Informer. He was Tryed at Seventy for a Rape, and came off by sacrificing a great Part of his Fortune (he is since dead, but this Poem still preserves the Scene and Time it was writ in.)

(1) *Sir Robert Walpole, Chief Minister of State, treated the Dean in 1726, with great Distinction, invited him to Dinner at Chelsea, with the Dean’s Friends chosen on Purpose; appointed an Hour to talk with him of Ireland, to which Kingdom and People the Dean found him no great Friend; for he defended Wood’s Project of Half-pence, &c. The Dean would see him no more; and upon his next Year’s return to England, Sir Robert on an accidental Meeting, only made a civil Compliment, and never invited him again.*

Oh, were the Wretch but living still, (1)

(1) And, in his Place my good Friend *Will*,
Or, had a Mitre on his Head

(2) Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead. (2)

C 2

(1) Now,

(1) *Mr. William Pultney*, from being *Mr. * * **'s intimate Friend, detesting his Administration, became his mortal Enemy, and joyned with my Lord *Bolingbroke*, to expose him in an excellent Paper, called the *Craftsman*, which is still continued.

(2) *Henry St. John*, Lord *Viscount Bolingbroke*, Secretary of State to Queen Anne of blessed Memory. He is reckoned the most Universal Genius in Europe; * * * dreading his Abilities, treated him most injuriously, working with * * * who forgot his Promise of restoring the said Lord, upon the restless Importunity of * *

(1) Now, ~~Curl~~ his Shop from Rubbish drains;
Three genuine Tomes of *Swift's* Remains.

And then, to make them pass the glibber,

(2) Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore*, and *Cibber*.

He'll

(1) *Curl*, hath been the most infamous Bookseller of any Age or Country: His Character in Part may be found in Mr. *POPE's* *Dunciad*. He published three Volumes all charged on the Dean, who never writ three Pages of them: He hath used many of the Dean's Friends in almost as vile a Manner.

(2) Three stupid Verse Writers in London, the last to the Shame of the Court, and the highest Disgrace to Wit and Learning, was made Laureat. *Moore*, commonly called *Jemmy Moore*, Son of *Arthur Moore*, whose Father was Taylor of *Monaghan* in Ireland. See the Character of *Jemmy Moore*, and *Tibbalds*, *Theobald* in the *Dunciad*.

He'll treat me as he does my Betters;
 (1) Publish my Will, my Life, my Letters;
 Revive the Libels born to dye;
 Which POPE must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the Scene, to represent
 How those I love, my Death lament.
 Poor POPE will grieve a Month; and GAY
 A Week; and ARBUTHNOTT a Day.

ST. JOHN himself will scarce forbear,
 To bite his Pen, and drop a Tear.

The
 (1) Curl is notoriously infamous for publishing
 the Lives, Letters, and last Wills and Testaments
 of the Nobility and Ministers of State, as well as
 of all the Rogues, who are hanged at Tyburn.
 He hath been in Custody of the House of Lords
 for publishing or forging the Letters of many Peers;
 which made the Lords enter a Resolution in their
 Journal Book, that no Life or Writings of any
 Lord should be published without the Consent of the
 next Heir at Law, or Licence from their House.

The rest will give a Shrug, and cry,
 I'm sorry ; but we all must dye.
 Indifference clad in Wisdom's Guise,
 All Fortitude of Mind supplies ;
 For how can stony Bowels melt,
 In those who never Pity felt ;
 When *We* are lash'd, *They* kiss the Rod ;
 Resigning to the Will of God,

THE Fools, my Juniors by a Year,
 Are tortur'd with Suspence and Fear.
 Who wisely thought my Age a Screen,
 When death approach'd, to stand between :
 The Screen remov'd, their Hearts are trembling,
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female Friends, whose tender Hearts,
 Have better learn'd to Act their Parts,
 Receive the News in *doleful Dumps*,
 " The Dean is Dead, (*and what is Trumps ?*)
 " Then

- " Then Lord have Mercy on his Soul.
 " (Ladies I'll venture for the *Vole*.)
 " Six Dean's they say must bear the Pall.
 " (I wish I knew what *King* to call.)
 " Madam, your Husband will attend
 " The Funeral of so good a Friend.
 " No Madam, 'tis a shocking Sight,
 " And he's engag'd To-morrow Night !
 " My Lady *Club* wou'd take it ill,
 " If he shou'd fail her at *Quadrill*.
 " He lov'd the Dean. (*I led a Heart*.)
 " But dearest Friends, they say, must part,
 " His Time was come, he ran his Race ;
 " We hope he's in a better Place.

WHY do we grieve that Friends should dye ?
 No Loss more easy to supply.
 One Year is past ; a different Scene ;
 No further mention of the Dean ;

Who

Who now, alas, no more is mist,
Than, if he never did exist.

Where's now this Fav'rite of *Apollo*?

Departed; and his Works must follow;

Must undergo the common Fate;

His Kind of Wit is out of Date.

Some Country Squire to (1) *Lintot* goes,

Enquires for *SWIFT* in Verse and Prose;

Says *Lintot*, "I have heard the Name:

"He dy'd a Year ago." The same,

He searches all his Shop in vain;

"Sir you may find them in (2) *Duck-lane*;

"I sent them with a Load of Books,

"Last Monday, to the Pastry-cooks.

I keep

(1) Bernard Lintot, a Bookseller in London.
Vide Mr. Pope's *Dunciad*.

(2) A Place where old Books are sold in London.

- “ To fancy they cou’d live a Year!
 “ I find you’re but a Stranger here.
 “ The Dean was famous in his Time;
 “ And had a Kind of Knack at Rhyme;
 “ His way of Writing now is past;
 “ The Town hath got a better Taste:
 “ I keep no antiquated Stuff;
 “ But, spick and span I have enough.
 “ Pray, do but give me leave to shew ‘em,
 “ Here’s *Colley Cibber’s* Birth-day Poem,
 “ This Ode you never yet have seen,
 “ By * * * *, upon the Queen.
 “ Then, here’s a Letter finely penn’d
 “ Against the *Craftsman* and his Friend;
 “ It clearly shews that all Reflection
 “ On Ministers, is Disaffection.
 (1) “ Next, here’s Sir R——’s Vindication,
 (2) “ And Mr. *Henly’s* last Oration:

D

“ The

(1) ——— *bath a Set of Party Scriblers, who do nothing else but write in his Defence.*

(2) *Henly is a Clergyman who wanting both Merit and Luck to get Preferment, or even to keep*

“ The Hawkers have not got ’em yet,
 “ Your Honour please to buy a Set?

(1) “ HERE’S *Wolston’s* Tracts, the twelfth
 “ Edition;

“ ’Tis read by ev’ry Politician:
 “ The

keep his Curacy in the *Established Church*, formed
 a new *Conventicle*, which he calls an *Oratory*.
 There, at set Times, he delivereth strange Speeches
 compiled by himself and his Associates, who share
 the Profit with him: Every Hearer pays a
 Shilling each Day for Admittance. He is an ab-
 solute Dunce, but generally reputed crazy.

(1) *Wolston* was a Clergyman, but for want of
 Bread, hath in several Treatises, in the most blas-
 phemous Manner, attempted to turn Our Saviour
 and his Miracles into Ridicule. He is much
 caressed by many great Courtiers, and by all the
 Infidels, and his Books read generally by the Court
 Ladies.

- “ The Country Members, when in Town;
 “ To all their Boroughs fend them down:
 “ You never met a Thing so smart;
 “ The Courtiers have them all by Heart:
 “ Those Maids of Honour (who can read)
 “ Are taught to use them for their Creed.
 “ The rev’rend Author’s good Intention,
 “ Hath been rewarded with a Pension:
 “ He doth an Honour to his Gown,
 “ By bravely running *Priest-craft* down:
 “ He shews, as sure as God’s in *Gloc’ster*,
 “ That ——— was a Grand Impostor:
 “ That all his Miracles were Cheats,
 “ Perform’d as Juglers do their Feats:
 “ The Church had never such a Writer:
 “ A Shame, he hath not got a Mitre !

SUPPOSE me dead ; and then suppose
 A Club assembled at the *Rose* ;
 Where from Discourse of this and that,
 I grow the Subject of their Chat :

And, while they tofs my Name about,
 With Favour some, and some without;
 One quite indiff'rent in the Cause,
 My Character impartial draws.

“ THE Dean, if we believe Report,
 “ Was never ill receiv'd at Court.
 “ As for his Works in Verfe and Profe,
 “ I own my felf no Judge of thofe :
 “ Nor, can I tell what Criticks thought 'em ;
 “ But, this I know, all People bought 'em ;
 “ As with a moral View design'd
 “ To cure the Vices of Mankind :
 “ His Vein, ironically grave,
 “ Expos'd the Fool, and lash'd the Knave ;
 “ To fteal a Hint was never known,
 “ But what he writ, was all his own.

“ HE never thought an Honour done him,
 “ Becaufe a Duke was proud to own him :
 “ Would

- " Would rather slip aside, and chuse
- " To talk with Wits in dirty Shoes :
- " Despis'd the Fools with Stars and Garters,
- " So often seen caressing (1) *Chartres* :
- " He never courted Men in Station,
- " *Nor Persons had in Admiration ;*
- " Of no Man's Greatness was afraid,
- " Because he sought for no Man's Aid.
- " Though trusted long in great Affairs,
- " He gave himself no haughty Airs :
- " Without regarding private Ends,
- " Spent all his Credit for his Friends :
- " And, only chose the Wise and Good ;
- " No Flatt'ers ; no Allies in Blood ;
- " But succour'd Virtue in Distress,
- " And seldom fail'd of good Success ;
- " As Numbers in their Hearts must own,
- " Who, but for him, had been unknown.

" WITH

(1) See the Notes before on *Chartres*.

" WITH Princes kept a due Decorum,
 " But never stood in Awe before 'em:
 " He follow'd *David's* Lesson just,
 " In Princes never put thy Trust.
 " And, would you make him truly sower;
 " Provoke him with a *Slave in Power*:
 " The S——, if you nam'd,
 " With what Impatience he declaim'd!
 " Fair LIBERTY was all his Cry;
 " For her he stood prepar'd to die;
 " For her he boldly stood alone;
 " For her he oft expos'd his own.
 (1) " Two Kingdoms, just as Faction led,
 " Had set a Price upon his Head;

" But

(1) In the Year 1713, the late Queen was pre-
 vailed with by an Address of the House of Lords
 in England, to publish a Proclamation, promising
 Three

“ But, not a Traytor cou’d be found;
 “ To sell him for Six Hundred Pound.

“ HAD he but spar’d his Tongue and Pen,
 “ He might have rose like other Men:
 “ But, Power was never in his Thought;
 “ And, Wealth he valu’d not a Groat:

“ Ingratitude

Three Hundred Pounds to whatever Person would discover the Author of a Pamphlet called, The Publick Spirit of the Whiggs; and in Ireland, in the Year 1724, my Lord Carteret at his first coming into the Government, was prevailed on to issue a Proclamation for promising the like Reward of Three Hundred Pounds, to any Person who could discover the Author of a Pamphlet called, The Drapier’s Fourth Letter, &c. writ against that destructive Project of coining Half-pence for Ireland; but in neither Kingdoms was the Dean discovered.

“ Ingratitude he often found,
 “ And pity’d those who meant the Wound :
 “ But, kept the Tenor of his Mind,
 “ To merit well of human Kind :
 “ Nor made a Sacrifice of those
 “ Who still were true, to please his Foes.
 (1) “ He labour’d many a fruitless Hour
 “ To reconcile his Friends in Power ;
 “ Saw Mischief by a Faction brewing,
 “ While they pursu’d each others Ruin.

“ But,

(1) *Queen ANNE’s Ministry fell to Variance
 from the first Year after their Ministry began :
 Harcourt the Chancellor, and Lord Bolingbroke
 the Secretary, were discontented with the Trea-
 surer Oxford, for his too much Mildness to the
 Whig Party ; this Quarrel grew higher every
 Day till the Queen’s Death : The Dean, who was
 the only Person that endeavoured to reconcile them,
 found*

" But, finding vain was all his Care,
 " He left the Court in meer Despair.

" AND, oh! how short are human Schemes!
 " Here ended all our golden Dreams.
 " What ST. JOHN's Skill in State Affairs,
 " What ORMOND's *Valour*, OXFORD's Cares,
 " To save their sinking Country lent,
 " Was all destroy'd by one Event.
 (1) " Too soon that precious Life was ended,
 " On which alone, our Weal depended.

E (1) " When
 found it impossible; and thereupon retired to the
 Country about ten Weeks before that fatal Event:
 Upon which he returned to his Deanry in Dublin,
 where for many Years he was worried by the new
 People in Power, and had Hundreds of Libels
 writ against him in England.

(1) In the Height of the Quarrel between the
 Ministers, the Queen died.

- (1) " When up a dangerous Faction starts,
 " With Wrath and Vengeance in their Hearts;
 " By solemn League and Cov'nant bound,
 " To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
 " To turn Religion to a Fable,
 " And make the Government a Babel;
 " Pervert the Law, disgrace the Gown,
 " Corrupt the , rob the ;

" To

(1) Upon Queen ANNE's Death the Whig
 Faction was restored to Power, which they exer-
 cised with the utmost Rage and Revenge; im-
 peached and banished the Chief Leaders of the
 Church Party, and stripped all their Adherents of
 what Employments they had, &c.

(1) In the Height of the Quarrel between the
 Whigs, the Tories

" To sacrifice old Glory,
 " And make her infamous in Story.
 " When such a Tempest shook the Land,
 " How could unguarded Virtue stand?

" With Horror, Grief, Despair the Dean
 " Beheld the dire destructive Scene:
 " His Friends in Exile, or the Tower,
 (1) " Himself within the Frown of Power;
 " Pursu'd by base envenom'd Pens,
 (2) " Far to the Land of * * * and Fens,

E 2

" A

(1) Upon the Queen's Death, the Dean returned to live in Dublin, at his Deanry-House: Numberless Libels were writ against him in England, as a Jacobite; he was insulted in the Street, and at Nights he was forced to be attended by his Servants armed.

(2) The Land of * * * and Fens, is Ireland.

“ A servile Race in Folly nurs’d,

“ Who truckle most, when treated worst,

“ By Innocence and Resolution,

“ He bore continual Persecution ;

“ While Numbers to Preferment rose ;

“ Whose Merits were, to be his Foes.

“ When, *ev’n his own familiar Friends*

“ Intent upon their private Ends ;

“ Like Renegadoes now he feels,

“ *Against him lifting up their Heels.*

“ THE Dean did by his Pen defeat

(1) “ An infamous destructive Cheat.

“ Taught

(1) One Wood, a Hardware-man from England, had a Patent for coining Copper Half-pence in Ireland, to the Sum of 108,000l. which in the Consequence, must leave that Kingdom without Gold or Silver (See Drapier’s Letters.)

“ Taught Fools their Int’reſt how to know ;
 “ And gave them Arms to ward the Blow.
 “ Envy hath own’d it was his doing,
 “ To ſave that helpleſs Land from Ruin ;
 “ While they who at the Steerage ſtood,
 “ And reapt the Profit, fought his Blood.

“ To ſave them from their evil Fate,
 “ In him was held a Crime of State.
 (1) “ A wicked Monſter on the Bench,
 “ Whoſe Fury Blood could never quench ;

“ As

(1) One W ——— was then Chief Juſtice :
 He had ſome Years before proſecuted a Printer for
 a Pamphlet writ by the Dean, to perſwade the
 People of Ireland to wear their own Manufactures.
 Whitshed ſent the Jury down eleven Times, and
 kept them nine Hours, until they were forced to
 bring in a ſpecial Verdict. He ſat as Judge after-
 wards

" As vile and profligate a Villain,
 " As modern (1) Scroggs, or old Tressilian;
 " Who long all Justice had discarded,
 " Nor fear'd be GOD, nor Man regarded;
 " Vow'd on the Dean his Rage to vent,
 " And make him of his Zeal repent;

" But

wards on the Tryal of the Printer of the Drapier's Fourth Letter; but the Jury, against all he could say or swear, threw out the Bill: All the Kingdom took the Drapier's Part, except the Courtiers, or those who expected Places. The Drapier was celebrated in many Poems and Pamphlets: His Sign was set up in most Streets of Dublin (where many of them still continue) and in several Country Towns.

(1) Scroggs was Chief Justice under King Charles the Second: His Judgment always varied in State Tryals, according to Directions from Court. Tressilian was a wicked Judge, hanged above three hundred Years ago.

" But Heav'n his Innocence defends,
 " The grateful People stand his Friends:
 " Not Strains of Law, nor Judges Frown,
 " Nor Topicks brought to please the ———,
 " Nor Witness hir'd, nor Jury pick'd,
 " Prevail to bring him in convict.

(1) " IN Exile with a steady Heart,
 " He spent his Life's declining Part;
 " Where, Folly, Pride, and Faction sway,
 (2) " Remote from ST. JOHN, POPE, and GAY.

(1) " His

*(1) In Ireland, which he had Reason to call
 a Place of Exile; to which Country nothing could
 have driven him, but the Queen's Death, who
 had determined to fix him in England, in Spight
 of the Dutchess of Somerset, &c.*

(2) Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Boling-
 broke, mentioned before.

- (1) " His Friendship there to few confin'd,
 " Were always of the midling Kind;
 " No Fools of Rank, a mungril Breed,
 " Who fain would pass for ——— indeed;
 (2) " Where Titles give no Right or Power,
 " And * * * * is a wither'd Flower,
 " He would have held it a Disgrace,
 " If such a Wretch had known his Face.

" On

(1) *In Ireland the Dean was not acquainted with one single Lord Spiritual or Temporal. He only conversed with private Gentlemen of the Clergy or Laity, and but a small Number of either.*

(2) *The Peers of Ireland lost their Jurisdiction by one single Act,*

" On Rural Squires, that Kingdoms Bane,

" He vented oft his Wrath in vain :

(1) " ——— Squires, to Market brought ;

" Who sell their Souls and • for Naught ;

F

" The

(1) The

————— ————— ————— ————— —————
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8

- " The _____ go joyful back;
 " To — the Church, their Tenants rack;
 " Go Snacks with • • • •
 " And, keep the Peace, to pick up Fees:
 " In every Jobb to have a Share,
 " A Jayl or • • • to repair;
 " And turn the — for publick Roads
 " Commodious to their own Abodes.

" PERHAPS

- " PERHAPS I may allow, the Dean
 " Had too much Satyr in his Vein;
 " And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 " Because no Age could more deserve it,
 " Yet, Malice never was his Aim;
 " He lash'd the Vice, but spar'd the Name.
 " No Individual could resent,
 " Where Thousands equally were meant.
 " His Satyr points at no Defect,
 " But what all Mortals may correct:
 " For he abhorr'd that senseless Tribe,
 " Who call it Humour when they jibe:
 " He spar'd a Hump, or crooked Nose,
 " Whose Owners set not up for Beaux.
 " True genuine Dullness mov'd his Pity,
 " Unless it offer'd to be witty.
 " Those, who their Ignorance confess'd;
 " He ne'er offended with a Jest;
 " But laugh'd to hear an Idiot quote,
 " A Verse from *Horace*, learn'd by Rote.

" He

" He knew an hundred pleasant Stories,
 " With all the Turns of *Whigs* and *Tories* :
 " Was chearful to his dying Day,
 " And Friends would let him have his Way.

" He gave the little Wealth he had,
 " To build a House for Fools and Mad :
 " And shew'd by one satyric Touch,
 " No Nation wanted it so much :
 (1) " That Kingdom he hath left his Debtor,
 " I wish it soon may have a Better.

(1) *Meaning Ireland, where he now lives, and
 probably may dye.*

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